

[Time, O Time]

Beliefs and Customs - Folkstuff TIME, O TIME, TURN BACK IN THY FLIGHT [?????]

4.

"The metropolitan dive, jammed with your colleagues, the derelicts; the skyscraper, owned by your twin, the pimp of gymdrops and philanthropy; the auditoriums, packed with weeping creditors, your peers; the morgues, tenanted by your friends, the free dead..."

(A war and a depression have made this veteran a mental cripple at forty. There are deep furrows in his thin big-boned face and his hands tremble. All he has left [?] that was a wicked sentimental leer in the pale blue eyes. He was lying on the grass in Central Park with a derelict crony and yes-man. A "Worlds Fair broad" passed by and he straightened up, quickly, put on his hat, coat and tie and went off to "make" her. From the back; he looked dapper and jaunty even if his clothes were creased.) In 6/7/39

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK D. A Shed 300 Words [4?] Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE

NAME OF WORKER Herman Partnow

ADDRESS 557 West 114 Street

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DATE June 7, 1939

SUBJECT Fringe folklore

1. Date and time of interview

June 1, 1939

2. Place of interview

Central Park meadow

3. Name and address of informant

Anonymous

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Sunning unemployed, thick damp grass, cops' whistles.

TIME, O TIME, TURN BACK IN THY FLIGHT

He who shuns wine, women and song is just a fool his whole life long/- That Omar Kayyamx. was right [?] That guy was right. [?] Alla these World's Fair broads passin up and down, real blousers, and I got a lay on the grass an watch, them [?][?][?] I might oughta take a stroll ta Wall Street and draw some dough but it's too damm far. I tried to hock the Chrysler Buildin there but they wouldn't take it. Then I sold the Essex House but I couldn't collect. Now all I got is this dime and I'm lookin for its brother. If I don't find it before tonight, I'll just have to hafta go up and sit down by the window and listen ta the

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radio. [?] # I ain't used [?] ta it. [?][?][?] I hate them furnished rooms [?] [?] since I lived with my wife and that taste of heaven my wife with [?] gimme. Player piano, books, radio. Full icebox - steaks, chops, the best. All she asked me to do was stay home and take care of the house. When she come home at night she always threw a couple packs of cigarettes on the table. # Hell, I couldn't stand it. I felt like a housemaid, a goddam domestic. One mornin she left ninety cents. [?] For my lunch and the kid's, crackers when she come home from school, and a show. Well, I hocked the radio and bought a quart for the boys and we went to work on that bottle when [?] a coupla bottles. When I woke up next mornin they wuz gone.... # [?] I guess I like layin on the grass too much. Tough work an long hours only gets you an early grave , don't it? Like my old man He's laying Layin under the ground [?] there, [?] laying Layin there and laughin. Son, he's sayin, [you?] go ahead now, [I'm?] layin down an rest. # I didn't even give im a present for Fathers Day present week before he died. I figured it's commercialism, anyway, it don't matter. I [?] if you [?] If you ain't got the guts to remember your mother and father every day in the year and ya gotta depend on phoney commercialism [?] ya don't deserve a mother, [?] ya deserve ta be born from a [?] pig, a whole litter, goddam it, a whole goddam litter. If my daughter ever tries bringin me candy on Fathers Day I'll kick er in the can. # If she an her mother come back, I mean. But I keep my soul full of hope. I ain't layin down like my old man an take a rest. I read in the papers some idle rich guy shut himself up in his room, it wuz the Essex House, and stuffed up the windows and the door and got imself gassed up. Must of been/ too dark [?] so he decided to find his way out. and he He lit a cigarette. He found his way out all right. Him and the whole room there blew outa the window. . . . O time, o time, turn back in [?] thy flight and make me a kid again just for tonight. . . *1 [?] if I ever [?] decided to ta sort of take a rest . [ya Ya know what I'd do*1] Take a long swim out in the ocean. After a while I'd get tired but I'd keep on swimmin and then I'd get so tired I couldn't lift my arms at all. Then I'd get scared and turn around and swim for shore but I'd never reach it, see? I'd try like hell to ta get back but and I'd go under tryin. It'd be like life that way, you ya wanna live but ya gotta die. . . [?][?][?][?] [?][?][?]

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Listen, ya sure ya can't gimme the brother ta this dime? Or do I hafta go down ta the river bank and draw a coupla breaths of air? Ya just as broke as I am? . . .Talkin sure gets ya nowhere fast.

I gotta amscray outa here x quick. This grass city is only a paradise fer pigeons.